

Triwizard Blunder

by derppypants

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Summary: A piercing screech ripped through the air, tugging Jack from his sleep. There was something shaking him, "Jack, Jack!" His olive skin was covered in a cold sweat, outgrown brown hair stuck to his face and shoulders. And, god, his body ached. His dark eyes snapped open and his lungs heaved. He immediately flung his arm to the side table fumbling for his wand.

1. Chapter 1

****Or otherwise named: the gigantic crossover au in which no one can speak a full sentence without being interrupted.****

****You have to figure out who everyone is. Enjoy.****

A piercing screech ripped through the air, tugging Jack from his sleep. There was something shaking him, "Jack, Jack!" His olive skin was covered in a cold sweat, outgrown brown hair stuck to his face and shoulders. And, god, his body ached. His dark eyes snapped open and his lungs heaved. He immediately flung his arm to the side table fumbling for his wand.

>"Are you alright?!"
He breathed, knowing that worried voice anywhere. He slowed his actions, "Rachel," he knew the look of concern on her face, "uh, bad dream" he began to sit up, "When did you get here?" He pulled at his sweat soaked shirt.

>"Just now. You?"
"Last night," he replied, taking a breath. He felt relieved to see that she hadn't changed a bit since he last saw her. She still had that long golden hair, those green eyes that cared for everyone and everything she met, and that peaches-and-cream skin.

>She walked over to the body on the second bed, bundled up tightly in the blankets, and set the small candle she had been holding down on the near ledge. She bent down and shook the body gently, it unmoving, "Wake up," She said and repeated it until the body groaned.
"Wake up already, Herald!" Yelled a bold head of tied up, curling red hair that bounded into the figure's face.

>"Hey Merida..." Herald said sleepily. He finally opened his eyes, jumping back at how close she was, and bumped his head into the headboard with a loud thunk.
"Bloody hell, Merida! Ever hear of a thing called personal space!?" He pulled the worn blanket over his scrawny body with a frown tugging at his oval face. Merida glared, "Honestly, get dressed." The red-head followed Rachel back towards the door, "And don't go back to sleep!" Merida demanded, puffing out her ruddy cheeks.

>She hit Herald's feet on the way out, "Come on Herald! My mother says breakfast's ready!"
Jack rubbed his eyes forcing himself out of the bed with a laugh as Herald lay back again just to receive a loud smack to the cheek. "Same as always," Jack yawned.

The group trudged from the tall, round towered house with their packs down a worn path. The path was graveled and dirt with lush grass that lined the sides of it. They walked into the entrance of humongous trees; gracious pale barked ones with millions of branches sticking out, with more shooting up from those branches. The leaves were green and turning slightly orange. It was still early morning; the birds were chirping and some crickets still sung, it was beautifully peaceful, until Jack spoke, "Where exactly are we going?" The four friends slowed to almost a complete stop, all of them glancing to and from each other. Merida's eyes narrowed then widened with laughter, "Ya know, I haven't actually a clue. Guess we're getting a ripen good adventure today aren't we?" The blatant stares from her peers made her roll her eyes and looked towards the leader, "Hey dad, where are we going"

>"Haven't the slightest. Boys keep up!" The group was dumbfounded for a moment both at the answer and what he said after it. They were all right behind him. That only left the three little devils Merida called brothers.
Herald was the first to ask, "Wait, where are your broâ€œ" The boys in question sprang down in front of him, causing a high pitched squeal to come from his mouth and his butt to hit the ground. Jack and Merida busted into laughter, clutching their stomachs and falling over each other. Rachel leaned down to give him a hand, stifling her giggles poorly. Herald took her hand and brushed himself off, frowning. The others apologized for the laughing, "I'm sorry Herald, but that was hilarious! You should've have seen your face!" Herald deadpanned the reply to Jack, "Well excuse me for missing it. I was a little busy having a heart attack."

>"Fergus!" A voice called.
Just as the friends turned to the large clearing after the leader the group spotted the source of the call; a tall man with an oval face, grayed hair and bushy eyebrows. He wore a light blue jumper and khaki pants with a long wooden stick and a pack. At his side stood a rounded girl with short red hair in high pig tails, and pinned back bangs. "It's about time!"

>"Sorry for the holdup Philip, some of us got off to a sleepy start." As if to prove Fergus' point, Jack yawned loudly and scratched the side of his face. Rachel snickered and hit his arm gently.
"This is Philip Sherman, everyone."

>The man, Philip Sherman apparently, smiled and nodded his head, "He works next door to me," Fergus stood beside him, "At the ministry." He finished and looked at the girl.
"This is my niece, Darla. She's staying with my wife and I for the time being and wanted to come." He explained before the question was asked.

>Fergus stuck his hand out, receiving a disgusted look and eye roll from the girl. She crossed her arms and rolled her eyes, "Can we just go now?" She huffed and smacked her lips.
"Pot of sun shine, that one." Jack whispered, raising an eyebrow, "Must be because she's gâ€œ"

>"Don't you say it," Merida glared.
Rachel and Herald shot each other looks, "Here we go again," grumbled an exasperated Herald to an amused Rachel. "This is always my favorite part of the day," she whispered back.

>Jack opened his mouth again, "Ginâ€""
"Don't you dare?!"

>"Ginger and has no soul." He said quickly, turning to run away, but falling at the three ginger devils holding a tree branch at his feet.
"Be lucky I don't want to have to take me pack off right now, or you'd be gettin' it, you hear?"

>Jack waved his hands in front of his chest, "Okay, okay I gottcha."
"So there is a way to tame the untamable Jackson Overland." Herald shot Merida a look of gratitude. Jack flipped his hair and swayed his shoulders, "Can't tame this lusciousness."

>Rachel put her wrist to her forehead and gasped dramatically, leaning on Merida, she fanned herself, "My oh my."<p>

The, now larger, group continued their journey, coming to a steep hill. "It's just over there!" Philip grinned. The girl, Darla, groaned, "You didn't tell me there'd be this much walking!" Her eyebrows were furrowed, and she stomped her foot, "I am not going up this hill." The others slowed and looked at her, "You guys go on; I'll be up in a second." The group didn't argue and hiked up the hill. . Jack flopped to the ground, "You didn't tell me there'd be this much walking involved either" Herald sat beside him, "Why did we hike all the way out here? All there is here is an old boot." Fergus grew a toothy smile underneath his ferocious facial hair.

>"So, do we still not know where we're going, Mr. DunBroch?" Rachel asked. Fergus shrugged and laughed at them. "Hey, dad, where are the boys?" Merida asked, caused the group to start looking around. "Boys!" Fergus hollered. After a few seconds the triplets sprang from the forest and ran passed the Darla and her uncle; whom were finally making their way up.
"Hurry now Darla, we don't want to be late." Philip said from the top of the hill to his niece, she gave a death glare and jogged the rest of the way up. "Okay now, everyone, get yourself into a good position," the group followed him and Fergus to make a ring around the boot. "Why are we all circling around a manky old boot?" Merida asked, Philip looked to Fergus, "Still haven't told them yet?"

>"Told us what!?" Merida demanded to know. Fergus grinned at his daughter, "It's not just any old boot, it's a portkey." The group smiled excitedly, except Herald, he held a confused stare with the boot. Philip clasped his hand, "Time to go!" He kneeled on the ground and put his hand on the toe of the boot. The rest of the group followed quickly, however Herald, more slowly. He questioned what a portkey was, but it went unnoticed by Philip, "Ready! After three. One, Two." "Herald!" "Three!" Rachel grabbed his shirt quickly, making his hand land on the boot just in time as the world began to spin around them and cries erupted from their bodies.
A bright flash of light and a few of the cries turned to joyed laughter. (However, mostly just the DunBrochs.)

>"Let go, kids." Philip said, earning a high pitched 'WHAT!' from Darla. Jack looked between his friends and was the first to let go, followed by the DunBrochs, Rachel, Mr. Sherman, Herald, a whole ton of screaming, and he wasn't quite too sure if the Darla girl even actually let the twirling footwear go.
Another bright light and the kids were landing on their stomachs and backs to the hair grassed earth. One by one the group sat up, seeing how Fergus, Mr. Sherman, and Darla, whom was clinging to her uncle for dear life, saunter down

from the sky like it was no big deal, "Bet that'll clear your sinuses, eh?"

>The group groaned and slowly began to stand up, heaving their packs back on.
The quickly followed the leaders, drawing closer to soft lively music playing just beyond the hill they landed at the bottom of. Jack groaned louder, "Another hill."

>As they reached the top they could see tents, and flags, and people, flying people on broomsticks too, for miles!
"Well kids, welcome to the Quidditch World Cup!"

Halfway through the crowd, the group split up; Mr. Sherman and Darla, DunBrochs and company. The continued though, passed juggling jugglers with multiple shining objects flying between his hands. Short jesters, both covered in red and black, showing their spirit for their team. Some other behind them, chanting to each other and waving small blue flags with white x's on them. Merida elbowed her dad, pointing to the group of six men, that looked more like three older ones and their younger selves. Fergus snorted and showed them to their tent. "Home sweet home." Fergus pulled the opening. Herald frowned, "What?" He asked, watching the others file in. He stepped in, having a different reaction as the others; bewilderment. The triplets sprinted around the room then straight into the kitchen. Fergus entered behind him and instructed everyone, "Girls pick a bunk, Boys get out of the kitchen, we're all hungry!" "Yeah get out of the kitchen." Jack said, putting his feet on the table. "Feet off the table, Jack." Rachel said, walking into the bedrooms with Merida. Jack laughed and took them off, but put them right back on once they were completely in the other room. Herald continued to look about the tent, "I love magic."

"Get your Quidditch World Cup programs here!"

>They walked hurriedly behind a group of tall, out-of-the-ordinarily dress dark skinned men, trying to find their seats.
Merida frowned and shook her dad's shoulder, "How far up are we?!" She asked as they finished yet another flight of stairs.

>"Well put it this way," the group looked over, a larger suited man with a sleek cane and a face obscuring hat called, "If it rains, you'll be the first to know." The three others around him snorted loudly. The one standing closest to the man had on a suit also, but lacking a hat and cane. He was wide as the man and had a smushed face with small beady eyes and a large mouth and pronounced lips. He had short, greasy, black hair and an obscene amount of acne plaguing his face. The boy standing next to him, the shortest of the three, had a dark brown trench coat and dark slim slacks. He had a tall forehead and wide spread eyes, a long pointed nose and oval face. He was brown skinned and had an afro that made him look like his hair like was receding. The last one was extremely skinny. He had high cheek bones with hallowed cheeks and a toothy smile, but was missing teeth to it. He had a small upturned nose with a hooked ring jarring out of it. He was very pale and had long blonde hair tied up tightly. He was cross armed with a rolled up button down black shirt and black slacks.
They began to walk away, "Father and us are in the ministers box, by personal invitation of the Minister of Magic, himself!" The largest boy said, the others grinning and giving yeah's to his statement. He was stopped by the cane of his father's hitting his arm, "Don't boast, Bruce, Chumlee, Ankorra." He looked up, shooting a menacing grin, "There's no need with these people,"

>Merida's fingers curled into a fist, ready to punch the living guts out of all of them. Jack was glaring too, as was everyone, his usual

smile gone. He felt the same as Merida, one more word and that would be the end of it for all them. Rachel patted their backs and turned them around, encouraging them to stay peaceful. As they turned, Jack's hand was the last to leave the rail, as it was it up brought back down quickly with a clang. "Do enjoy yourself, won't you?" The grin was the only thing seen from under the obscuring hat. Jack yanked his arm away, scowling. "While you can, that is." He said, pulling his cane away from the rail and putting it back to the spot it was made for being at.<p>

The crowds of people, in red and blue and black and white face pants, and even those without, cheered loudly. The game hadn't started yet and to keep that occupied they waved their flags, pumped the hair, and released balloons of their team's color. The group cheered along also, waiting patiently until the first team flew in, right over their heads and into the arena. As they did so they began to paint the air with their colors; blue and white. "It's the Scottish! Look theirs Tavish!" Merida called after them. "And Malcolm!" "And Blane!" "And Sholto!" Her brothers shouted in unison.

>The players rode up and boom yelled the sky as it was alighted with a red headed man in a kilt playing bag pipes. The crowd began to chant Scotland as the athletes rode around the arena in an arrow shape, they stopped at their end of the field as the opponent enter with Jack's cry, "Here come the Bulgarians!" and the sky's musician exploded into red sparks. They rode in and into the Scot's side, scattering them over. They rode up, just as the Scottish did, but the middle player shot straight up and did multiple flips over his broom. Jack and Herald roared and pounded the air. "Who's that?" Rachel asked, her large floppy crossed Scot hat hitting Jack's forehead. He smiled and fixed his red small polar hat. "That, Rachel, is the best Seeker in the world!"
The crowd answered her better as they flipped cards over, showin her a better picture of what he looked like and they began to chant his name, "Nozilevâ€ski! Nozilevâ€ski! Nozilevâ€ski!" The picture on the cards flew around the arena as more people flipped theirs. The player flew into the middle of the arena, spot light now on him. He had light skin and a short chocolate brown pointed beard and mustache with curly hair around his face. He had sunken eyes and large eyebrows and side burns.

>"Good evening! As Minister for Magic, it gives me great pleasure to welcome each and every one of you to the final of the 422nd Quidditch World Cup!" He paused, "Let the match begin!" He flicked his wand from his neck and out shot and tiny orb of light that floated to the middle of the arena and burst.<p>

There was still Scottish music playing everywhere even after the game. Inside the tent, the triplets danced around each other with the girls, while Herald and Jack chanted together, "Nozilevâ€ski! Nozilevâ€ski!" to the tune the Scottish fans sung.

>There was a thunderous boom from outside, distracting Fergus from lighting his lantern. He blew out the stick he'd been using to light it and exited the tent.
"There's no one like Nozilevski!" Jack interrupted, moving in between the triplets and girls.

>The boys repeated his name, making up dumb rhyiming insults, that didn't actually rhyme in the least bit at all.
"He's like a bird, the way he rides the wind." The boys fluttered around him, flapping their arms up and down. "He's move than an athlete." Merida laughed and threw the flag she'd been wearing as a cape over his head. Jack snatched at it to pull it off him quickly, "He's an artist."

>Rachel circled around him like everyone else and pulled the flag, "I

think you're in love, Jack." She continued to walk, pulling the material with her. "Shut up."
The girls moved on either side of him, "Nickolas I love you~" They began to say in a sing-song voice. They continued with the other four in the room joining in, "When we're apart my heart beats only for you~!"

>More intense booms sounded along with cries from others outside the tent. Rachel turned away and looked towards the exit when Fergus reentered, pale and horrified looking, "Sounds like the Scottish have got their pride on."
Jack picked up a pillow and hit Merida's head, she returned fire instantly. They fought for only a moment before Fergus split them up, "Stop! Stop it!" He grabbed Merida's arm, "It's not the Scottish." He looked at everyone on the other side of the room, "We've got to get out of here, now!" He said urgently.

>At once all of them shot out of the tent to smoke covered skies and terrified screams of people running every which way.
"Everyone get back to the Portkey and stick together!"

>They all nodded slowly, frozen to their places by the sight they were witnessing. "I'll take the boys," Fergus said, picking all three of them up, "You all are each other's responsibility. Go!" Without another need word of persuasion all of them took off, but Rachel, however, stared at the raging fires igniting just a few number of tents from their own.
"Rachel!" She looked around to barley see Herald a little ways away, screaming for her to hurry up and follow. She turned and ran, him, in turn, doing the same to follow the two fastest ones out of the group, Jack and Merida.

>She followed Herald threw the streams of people. He stopped and grabbed onto someone, flashing their head from side to side, Jack! Finally she could see them, with Fergus and the triplets, and Darla and Mr. Sherman! She pushed against the people moving against her flow of traffic.
The crowds of people became suffocating thick, pushing Rachel back. She glanced frantically looking for her friends, almost in tears. "Rachel!" A voice cried her name, followed by two others, she shot off into the crowd, screaming just as the others were, "Merida, Herald, Jack!"

>She could no longer see them and gave up on vainly trying to push through the people. Dashed into an empty spot, dodging shots of fire, and crouched down. She could hear loud chanting of incomprehensible words, they were getting closer and closer. When she could hear the footsteps, she absconded from her hiding spot, this time, following the sea of terror-stricken lives.
More and more tents were going up in flames, people were shoving harder to get each other out of their ways. Rachel's lips twitched into a wary smile as she saw a straight, slightly clogged path to the hill she remembered coming down. She dashed towards it quickly, yelping as an elbow took to her ribs and she toppled. She hit the soil ground hard on her shoulder. She twisted and tried to push herself up, a new wave of people continuing to just run by her and not pay even a glance. She lifted her head, yelping again to the shock of pain from her scalp; feet were crushing her long golden hair that was spread out around her from her fall.

>Once she finally pulled her head up, a knee connected to the side of it and she lay there, unmoving.<p>

She shifted and sat up, panting. Oh, how her body and head ached. She held her head and looked around; ash covered everything, along with gray smog that creped slowly over her skin. She could see the silhouettes of the few still standing tents and a man? She squinted her eyes, the figure began to walk towards her. Wait, no two men.. and they were picking up speed.

>She scrambled to her feet quickly, bounding away from the men, but slipping on the ashed over ground.
"Rachel!"
>Her body swung, looking for that voice, a male voice. She grabbed onto the rope of still-standing tent to steady herself.
"Where are you!?" Another asked. "Rachel!" And another.
>More footsteps.
"We've been looking for you for ages!" She pivoted and was tackled by the arms of the owner of a massive mane of orange hair, hugging her tightly.
>"Thought we lost you, mate." Another voice and set of arms; warm and sweet; Jack.
The moment was cut short by Herald, "What is that!?"

>The three of them broke apart, and stared at the sky; long winding strings of blinding blue shifted through the sky, twisting and turning.
"Stupify!"
>All four of them hit the ground as blasts from all around them zoomed through the air and exploded on contact with each other.
"STOP! STOP THAT'S MY DAUGHTER!" Fergus pushed passed one of the men standing with his wand pointed at the group.
>He ran to them, quickly followed by three triplets, "Merida, Rachel, Herald, Jack, you all right?"
"We came back for Rachel." They were all standing now, Rachel was leaning on Herald and Jack for support.

>"WHICH ONE OF YOU CONJOURED IT?!" The reunion was interrupted by a large man, larger than Fergus even, shoving his wand into the each person of the group's face.
Fergus looked frustrated, "Holdendster, you can't possiâ€",
>"DO NOT LIE!" He put his wand back to their faces, "You've been discovered at the scene of the crime!" He was shaking, eyes wide with fear.
"Crime?" Rachel asked, looking to her friends for answers.

>"Lusso! They're just kids."
"What crime?" Rachel reasked. Merida leaned to her, "It's the Dark Mark, Rachel. It's his mark."
>They all looked up and held a look identical to the man accusing them's.
"T-then those people tonight, in the," Herald motioned to her body and face, "They're his too, aren't they? His followers?" Fergus nodded his head, "Yeah." He looked at Lusso, "Life Swallowers."

>The man stared for a second, "Follow me," he finally lowered his wand.
"Um, there was a man, before" Rachel paused, "two actually." She pointed to the last spot she saw them, "There!" The small crowd of people all looked, Lusso, doing multiple double takes, "All of you, this way!" The man walked away hurriedly, eager to leave the place.

>"A man, Rachel..?" Merida asked. Rachel swallowed. Jack looked at her, "Two menâ€|" Herald finished the question they were trying to spit out, "Who?"
Rachel shook her head, "I don't know. I didn't see their faces."

>All of them picked their eyes back up to the sky, the glowing light still tangling itself into the stars.<p>

Rachel frowned as she read the newest paper of the Daily Profit. The new headline read, "Terror at the Quidditch World Cup" and it held a moving glimpse of the twisted light.

>"Annnnyyything from the trolley?" The women's voice of the trolley pusher rang into the cart, Merida and Jack quickly shuffled for some money.
"You guys want anything, my treat?"

>Rachel folded the paper up, and tossed it onto the seat next to her, "Licorice Wand, please?" Jack nodded and looked at Herald, "No, I'll buy myself a box of Berny Botts." Everyone in the cart looked at him, "Ew really?" Merida laughed, "You remember the last time you got a

box of those?" Herald and Jack shuttered, "Never again will I have a jelly bean eating race with you when Berny Botts are involved." Jack said. Herald rolled his eyes, "Well I actually like them, when I'm not choking them down after getting a rotten egg flavored one."
"I don't think I'll be eating them any time soon again." Jack said, tossing Rachel a coin.

>"Anything from the trolley, dears?" The older woman poked her head in, smiling her usual smile.
All four of them crowded around the door near her. "Is that a new spider pin?"

>The lady smile widened, "It sure is, pumpkin. Me grandson got it for me." Jack returned her smile. "Anyway," she said, "would you like anything from the trolley?"
"A packet of Drobble's and a Fizzing Wrizzbee, for me." He said, shifting around in his homemade sweater and handed her the coin, "mm.. On second thought, just the Drooble's." She exchanged the candy for his money and he uttered a soft, "Thanks," and sat back down.

>"A licorice wand, please." Rachel asked politely, glancing behind the elder as a small group of students walked up. The one in front was a tall, lean boy with brown hair and eyes, with chin scruff. They shared eye contact and the boy grew a look; his eyebrows formed to opposite ends of his face and a wide toothy smirk formed. He leaned on the wall, towards her, "Hi" he said. Rachel frowned and got her candy from the trolley woman and went back to her seat in the cart. Merida followed her look and snorted in obnoxious laughter, clutching her stomach. There was another, taller lad with a pale face and deep blonde hair, beside him, mimicking Merida exactly. The shorter boy scoffed and punched the other in the gut; however, he had it returned to his own stomach. The two slapped at each other, until they were pushed away from the others in line behind them. Merida continued cackling, falling back to her seat beside Rachel, her candy forgotten.
"Get out of the bloody way, other people would actually like to buy something," A strong feminine voice scolded. "Two Pumpkin Pasties."

>Another blonde walked into view of the last one of the four still at the trolley. Herald looked over her; rich blonde hair was head back with a band that wrapped around her head, letting some hair fall over one of her light blue eyes, the rest of it was in a thick neat braid down her back. She was lean and muscled, with a rounded face and reddened cheeks. Freckles scattered over her face, making splotches on her skin, but not in the least bit unattractive. She had on a blue fitted sweater and faded red skirt with leggings and brown boots. And as always, the belt of skulls around her hips that she was never seen with out. Herald stared at her, maybe a little bit longer than he should have, the posse following her started to take notice to him.
There were four others crowding circling behind her.

>The two shortest had very long platinum blonde hair and looked alike with long oval faces and upturned noses and wide eyes. The clothes they wore even matched. They were Roulette and Tyler. The twins.
The tallest was yet another blonde with an awkward look all about him; a wide face with plump cheeks and close set green eyes behind a large nose. His hair looked like half cooked spaghetti was glued to the end of a mop, used, then donated, where he then bought it because he thought it was retro. He wore a large ugly, brown, furry jumper that reached his knees, but not far past his shoulders, showing off his squishy arm meat.

>The last was a thick boy with a square face a features resembling Herald's own, but in a much blunter way. He had messy brown hair, with the long bangs framing the sides of his head, quite unlike Herald's own, but alike in an awkward way, or in a way that showed they were related as cousins. His name was Samuel and he was sending

Herald the most course glare he could muster.
Herald stayed latched to the doorway of the cart, eyes still locked on Astrid. She raised an unimpressed and unamused eyebrow. There was a snort behind her, "Looks like Astrid's got another fan." Tyler and Roulette snickered together, "Add another to the list." Astrid rolled her eyes and turned around to go back to her cabin. The trolley lady strolled away, completely ignoring Herald's request for jelly beans.

>The three sitting in the cab stared at Herald's back; the four on the outside began trudging away. Samuel hissed into Herald's face as the others went down the hallway. He snatched Herald's collar, the three jumped up, but reluctantly seated themselves again when Herald shooed them back. "Astrids mine," he spat, "got me?" Herald raised an eyebrow, "Do you annoy people as a hobby, or is that just your personality?"
Samuel raised his fist, ready to punch with 3 wooden wands already almost up his nose.

>"I will freeze your bloody rump to the outside of the train, so help me Snot-snout." Jack threatened, poking his wand into his cheek. Samuel released him, "Not worth it, anyways." He said, voice pitching to a small crack. He turned and fled as quickly as possible as to not look like the coward that he was. Herald brushed off his shoulders, "I could've handled that myself." He said light-heartedly. The three sheathed their wands. "Oh yeah?" Merida asked, "Show me your guns then." Merida, Jack, and Rachel's arms shot up to do a STRONG pose, Merida being the only one to show off a good bit of actual muscle. Herald bit his lip from laughing and raised his, "These are all the guns I need," he patted his bicep twig.
With steadily calming giggles, the four sat back to their seats, Rachel picked up the newspaper again, "This is horrible."

>"What is?" Merida flopped over her arm to look at the paper. Rachel pointed to a section from the paper. Merida looked at her, "How could the Ministry not know who conjured it?!"
"That was what I was about to ask." She said.

>"Well how are we supposed to know? You two are the only ones who've read that blasted thing." Jack grumbled.
"Isn't there any security orâ€"?"

>"Loads," Merida interrupted Herald, "according to Dad. That's what worried them so much. Happened right under their noses."
Jack scratched his eyebrow with a wince. His eyes have been starting to irritate him lately.

>"It's hurting again isn't it?" Rachel asked, ever vigilant.
Jack's brows furrowed a moment, and he shook his head, "I'm fine."

>"You know Sanderson will want to know about thisâ€"|" Herald whispered loud enough for only them to hear if anyone might have been listening.
Jack nodded, "He'll also want to know what you saw at the World Cup," he said to Rachel.

>"And the dream." Merida finished.
Jack breathed in, a little more agitated then moments ago, he exhaled and faced the window.

>After a few intakes of air he stood and rummaged through his bag for a second time. He pulled out a piece of parchment and a quill, quickly writing a short message of urgency to speak to the other. He folded it neatly into an envelope and wrote her name onto the front of it, "Sanderson ManSnoozie"
"Merida, can I borrow Angus to send this?" Merida hesitated. "I wasn't allowed to bring Nightlight because of what happened last year." Jack pouted. She gasps and groans, "Stop with the gamy pout of yours. You can use Angus."

>Jack grinned. "Every time," Rachel sang and was shot with a dangerous look from both Merida and her pet.
Herald moved to push the window open, flopping around. He was not expecting it to be so

difficult to open it, but he finally did with much exertion. Merida held the letter up and the bird snatched it up and out the window it flew.

Loud sounds of awe filled the air of the newly arrived students. Screaming bleats from huge fur-clad animals with enormous antlers followed by a gigantic chunk of metal showed itself from the clouds. An amazing, yet, horribly frightening sight, the students crowded around each other to watch it land.

>The tall man directing the aircraft, Kerhs, continued to wave the sighs. He turned, "Clear the runway!" he yelled at the others helping him. He turned back to get virtually a mouth full of hoof before her jumped out of the way, erupting a roar of laughter from the spying students.
"Well, there's something you don't see every day." Herald said.

>"Well we see you every day, so does that count?" Jack asked.
"Ohhh. Y-you sir are playing a very dangerous game." He wagged his finger. Jack smiled and nodded, "Uh huh."

>"Trying to insult this much raw vâ€™"
"Guys!" Two voices and slaps to the back of two heads pulled them back to reality than their pre-marital bickering.

>A beautifully elegant ship began to peak out of the murky water, continuously getting larger and larger until it popped fully out and shed the excess water.<p>

"Well, now we're all settled in and sorted, I'd like to make an announcement." The headmaster, Chietine Tanbokna, clad in beautiful green and yellow robes began as the doors opened and a big man with a green face and very curious ears sticking out of his head, ran in, "This castle will not only be your home this yearâ€™| But home to some very special guests this year as well."

>The students at the tables gasped and shared their predictions for what was to be said next.
"You see, Hogwarts has been chosen," he stopped as the man finally reached him. "Yes, what is it?"

>The man answered him in a murmured manner. The tables chatted more. "Tell them to wait. Tell to wait. Wait." Tanbokna whispered.
The man nodded and quickly sprinted back out as quickly as he'd come.

>"So, Hogwarts has been chosen to host a legendary event: The Triwizard Tournament." The students at each table looked between themselves, some smiling and uttering compliments of, "Wicked" or "Brilliant". Others frowned, confused as ever, Professor Tanbokna answered their unspoken plea. "For those of you who do not know The Triwizard Tournament brings together three schools for a series of magical contests."
"What like speed knitting?" Jack murmured. Rachel smacked Jack's back that lay sprawled on the Slytherin table. "I enjoy speed knitting, thank you."

>"From each school, a single student is selected to compete. Now let me be clear." The atmosphere in the room suddenly changed. "If chosen, you stand allow, and trust me when I say, these contests are not for the faint-hearted. But more of that later. For now, please join me in welcoming the lovely ladies of the Beauxbaton's Academy of Magic, and their headmistress, Madam Eris DisCordiles!"
The doors burst open, showing a fair sized group of girls with light blue outfits that included funny acorn hats. They walked in, followed by a humongous women with incredibly long rich black hair, a thin well busted body, covered in a form-fitting purple dressed that looked to dissolve into a water the father down it went. The scariest thing about her though, the eyes; slanted red colored ones that peered deep into your soul, your very desires, and rip them out of you, without

even turning a glance.

>The girls dance-paraded their way in, sighing dramatically every so often to a group of waiting boys. They passed by Jack and Herald, gestured to them with a heavy sigh and sprint forward. Jack and Herald were leaned back, pleased with the new view they were receiving.
"Bloody hell. Glad I sat on this side." Jack said a little loudly with a whistle, the people on the benches around him broke out into laughter.

>The girls reached the end of the tabled and did a final gasp together, releasing tens of singing birds from nowhere.
Merida elbowed Herald across the aisle, "Blimey. That's one big woman." Herald nodded his head.

>They shuffled and sorted one after another to the sides. The final act was a girl in a different uniform than the other doing jumps and flips while the birds dispelled into fading dust. The studentsâ€"mostly boysâ€"clapped furiously, someâ€"Jackâ€"whistled in addition. She took a bow at the end.
Professor Tanbokna escorted Madam DisCordiles to her seat at the great table after pecking her hand. He raised his hands to silence the children. "And now, our friends from the north. Please greet the proud sons of Durmstrang, and their high master, Boris Volkov!"

>The boys marched in with tall straight staffs, banging the ends of them on the ground, chanting. They switched from hand to hand and swung them around so fast you couldn't keep up with it. Mammoth sparks began to shoot from the ground the more they slammed the staffs. Some set theirs down and dashed for the ends of the tables, doing flips and spins.
Merida scoffed, "I'm not impressed."

>A few last men entered the room; one dressed like the others, one in a white version of it and others with paler brown uniforms.
Babble began rising again. Jack almost flopped from his seat to get a better view once it began to get out of hand. "Blimey, it's him! Nicholas Nozilevskii!"

>The boys were lined up at the front as a long fire bird flew around them. They began to leave the center floor.
"Chietine." The white cloaked man hugged the tall, rounded Headmaster, "Boris."

When everyone was finally settled to the tables comfortably it became very quiet as four men and Kerhs brought in a tall, detailed looking case. "Your attention, please!" Professor Chietine yelled into the hall, as if he didn't have it already. He stood beside it, "I'd like to say a few words." He put his hand on the case, "Eternal glory. That is what awaits the student who wins the Triwizard Tournament. But to do this, that student must survive three tasks. Three extremely dangerous tasks. "

>The four shot looks to each other between the tables, Jack and Merida grinning madly at each other. "For this reason, the Ministry has seen fit to impose a new rule. To explain all this we have the head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation, Mr. Lusso Holdends." A bursting crack of thunder and lightning exploded from the sky, creating shrieks of terror from the students underneath the incoming rain.
A small man that entered behind the head table without a sound, sent a spark into the black raincloud. He stepped into the light more. He was short and dressed in a quite whimsical style, with purples and golds and reds. He had a bright red bow tie and a sort of frilly thing around his cheeks and neck. He had a light gold shirt and vest with warm yellow pants that puffed out around his hips. Lastly he wore a purple tuxedo cape. He had receding gray hair and a large red button nose. He limped forward on a thin striped cane.

>"Bloody hell, It's Krocus Cantai." Merida exclaimed. Herald looked

at her, "Kronns Cantai?" Merida nodded, "He's an Auror." Herald frowned, even more baffled, "Auror?"
A girl close to Merida with her dark hair pulled up with a pink bandana used a headband, answered, "Dark-wizard catcher. Half the cells in Azkaban are filled thanks to him. He's supposed to be mad as a hatter, though, these days."

>The man limped around the head table to shake hands with Professor Tanbokna. "My dear old friend, thanks for coming." They shook hands and exchanged a slight hug. "Silly ceiling." He hobbled off to the side after receiving a thank you. He popped open a drink container and gulped down some of the liquid and shivered.
"What's that he's drinking, do you suppose?" A boy with curly black hair tied in a loose knot asked.

>"I dunno, Tulios, but I don't think it's pumpkin juice." Jack replied.
The man, Lusso, took center by Tanbokna. He held out his arms, nervously shaking, "After due consideration the Ministry has concluded that for their own safety no student under the age of 17, "enraged cries broke out from the students, "shall be allowed to put forth their name for the Triwizard Tounmanet." Some students started shouting curses and jumping from their seats, infuriated. Jack yelled from his seat, "That's rubbish! That's rubbish! You don't know what you're doing!" Merida was one to spring from hers, "Unfair!" Others began booing loudly, "SILENCE!" Tanbokna yelled at his students for the first time since the four had arrived there. The students began to settle down quickly, "They're not too happy about that then, huh, Migol." Herald said to the blonde boy beside him who was finding everyone's reactions hilarious.

>The attention of the room resumed back on the Headmaster. He lifted his wand and pointed it to the top of the case. The case melted away as he moved his wand down it. It reviled a large brown cup that's opening burst into fluid blue flames.
"The Goblet of Fire. Anyone wishing to submit themselves to the tournament need only to write their name upon a piece of parchment and throw it in the flame before this hour on Thursday night. Do not do so lightly. If chosen, there's no turning back. As from this moment the Triwizard Tournament has begun."

"Kronns Cantai" The new professor at the school says lightly with a crooked smile. He turned and began writing quickly on the chalk board behind him in loopy letters, "Ex-Auror." he finished writing his last name on the board, "Ministry malcontent. And your new defense against the Dark Arts Against the Dark Arts teacher. I am here because Tanbokna asked me. End of story, goodbye, the end." He said fancifully, "Any questions?" Jack raised his hand, "Does this mean class is ended?" he asked before even getting called on and already leaving his seat with his books. The class chuckled under their breaths.

>The new professor glared sweetly, "When it comes to the Dark Arts, I believe in a practical approach." He looked at Jack's seat and nodded his head. Jack frowned at the lack of reaction, "But first, which of you can tell me how many Unforgiveable Curses there are?"
The class stayed quiet, "Anyone?"

>"T-three sir." A male in the back of the Gryfindor's side of the room said.
"And they are so named?" He swung back around to the board and began scribbling them down.

>"They are-are unforgivable. The use of any one of them willâ€" "
"Land you in a one way ticket to Azkaban, correct." He finished writing unforgivable on the board, "The Ministry says you're too young to see what these curses do." He slammed the chalk down, his high pitched silly voice betraying how fierce he looked. "I say

different! You need to know what you're up against! You need to be prepared. You need to find another place to put your chewing gum besides the underside of your desk, Mrs. DunBroch!" He spat in one breath without even glancing at the class.

>The glass gasped with everyone turning to face her, "No way. The old codger can see out the back of his head." She whispered to Jack and the others right around her. She faced the front and quickly sunk down to miss a flying piece of chalk coming for her, "And hear across classrooms!"
>Jack's grin grew, "Does that make you a super hero then? I mean you've already got the cape and everything!" Jack exclaimed.

>The professor gritted his teeth, and smiled once again and clasped his hands together. "Which shall we start with then?" The class stared in yet another silence. He looked toward the redheaded girl again, noticing fast strokes from her quill.
>"DunBroch!"

>Merida jumped from the sudden call, pushing a piece of paper underneath her book, "Yes?"
>"Stand!" She stood bravely, all eyes directed towards her now. "Give us a curse."

>"Well, my dad did tell me about one. The Imperious Curse."
>"Oh , right, your father would know all about that. Gave the Ministry quite a bit of grief a few years ago. Perhaps this will show you why." He turned and moved swiftly to his desk where many jars laid there for his use. Many with black, faintly glowing green orbs, inside them. The one he went to, however, had a few latches on it and a large buzzing creature inside it. The creature had four weirdly sculpted eyes, that made it look like it had almost 40. It had four sets of green wings and six legs, with horrible pinchers at its mouth. It had two long tails extending from its rear.

>"Hello." He tapped on the glass, the buzzing increased. He unlatched the jar, "Lovely little beauty." He lifted the lid of the container and quickly pointed his wand at it, "Engorgio." The bug swelled to become bigger than his palm. "Imperio." It shivered, he flicked his wand and it flew out to the first set of desks; two Gryffindor's; Ralphonse and Nigel, they pushed off from the desk. He flicked it elsewhere, onto a Slytherin's head; Chumlee's. He cried out, making desperate whining sounds, not getting enough courage to flick it off. Laughter began to erupt from the students, "Don't worry, it's completely harmless," he flicked it away again. It landed onto another Slytherin, Tyler and Roulettes' hands. "You get it off!" "No, you get it off!" They both began to gasp deeply, neither actually moving to get it off. "If she bites," he flicked his wand. It came above Jack's head, his smile depleted instantly, whimpering as it landed just in front of his eyes. "She's lethal," he finished. He laughed at Jack's reaction, but cocked his head to the most obnoxious snicker in the room, "What are you laughing at?" He flicked his wand, landing it straight onto Bruce's face. He flopped in his seat like a fish out of water, Ankorra sat beside him, slapping at it, but not nearly close enough to actually touch the monstrous creature. Merida clapped giddily. "Talented, isn't she? What shall I have her do next? Jump out the window?" He flicked his wand again, the bug screeched as it slammed against the glass, "Drown herself?" He moved the bug just above a jug filled with water. It fidgeted and squirmed frantically, he slowly brought her back to his palm.
>"Scores of witches and wizards have claimed that they only did You-Know-Who's bidding Under the influence of the Imperious Curse. But here's the rub: How do we sort out the liars?" He looked at the students. "Another, another," The students began to slowly raise their hands. The red headed boy in the very front of class hesitated on raising his hand, "Up, up, come on." He barley raised it.

>"Kinpeck, is it? Up" The Gryffindor boy stood slowly.
>"Professor

Bunmundy tells me you have an aptitude for Herbology." He nodded vigorously, "There's the-the Cruciatus Curse."
>"Correct, correct. Come, come." He motioned him over, "Particularly nasty." He set the bug down, "The torture curse." He set the bug down onto the desk, "Crucio!" The bug screamed and twisted from its place. The boy winced, face furrowing into a grimace. The bug thrashed about, squealing louder. His breath turned heavy and he couldn't look at it, just the noise of it seemed to be physically hurting him and the bug.
"Stop it! Can't you see it's bothering him!? Stop it!" Nigel barked at the man. He faltered for a moment and removed the spell. Kinpeck gritted his teeth, still gasping for air. The professor let the bug crawl into his and he set it on Nigel's desk.

>"Perhaps you could give us the last Unforgivable Curse, Mister Barker." He bit his lip and shook his head.
"No?" He took a step back and stabbed his wand at the bug, "Avada Kedavra!"
>A flash of green light and a ear piercing squeal the bug stopped moving. "The Killing Curse."<p>

The bells began to ring, signaling the official end of class, Merida and Jack started down the stairs, "Brilliant, isn't he?" Jack said, "Completely demented, or course, and terrifying to be in the same room with, but he's really been there, you know? He's looked evil in the eye."

>"There's a reason those curses are unforgivable! And to perform them in a classroom." Merida shook her head. "I mean, did you see Merlin's face?" Jack elbowed her to hush as they passed the dark skinned boy, staring out the paint stained glass. Nigel passed them up and touched a shoulder, "Merlin?"
The professor to blame can hobbling down the steps, the three moved out of the way, "Son?" He grabbed his shoulder, "You all right?" Merlin nodded slightly, really not wanting to talk with him. "Come now. We'll have a cup of sweet tea. I'd like to show you something." Not waiting for an answer he pushed back up the spiral stairs. Merlin followed, slowly, but surely.

Jack and Herald walked around the great hall room. Merida and Rachel were sitting together on the bleachers in the Goblet room. Girls and boys were bravely putting their names into the fire. All the others standing around clapped for each person to put their name in the cup.

>"Come on, Astrid. Put it in!" The posse that had been following her earlier pushed her up to the ring. She easily passed through the barrier and to the chalice, throwing her name in with a roar of hand smacking following. She walked back to her group, ignoring Herald's attempt at a greeting.
Herald sighed as they moved away, getting elbowed back into reality. "Eternal glory. Be brilliant, wouldn't it?" Jack said, "If only we were a year older we could enter our names."

>Rachel laughed, from behind her book as they came to stand by the girls. "Yeah, rather you than me," grumbled Herald. Jack frowned, "Oh come on! You could make your father proud!" Herald frowned and sighed again, "Let's not get into that subject please." Jack backed off, "Sorry, sorry," his smile had faded also. The group sat in an awkward silence till Jack started beaming again, "I GOT IT!" He touched Herald's shoulder, "I'll be back in an hour!" He rushed out of the room.
"What ya think that just was?" Merida asked. "Dunno, but I'm sure something crazy is going to happen soon." Rachel replied.

The doors suddenly burst open to a teen with long brown hair, "Yes!" The crowd cheered as he paraded in, "Thank you, thank you." He high

fived the hands offered to him as he walked passed.

>"Well, lads, I've done it. Cooked it up just now." Jack looked entirely pleased with himself and the attention being given to him. Merida cackled, "So this is what that's was all about." Jack smiled and waved the bottle in front of her face. He shoved a second vial into Herald's hands. "Ahhh, what's this?" Herald asked, looking at it. "It's an Aging Potion." Herald stared at Jack with a stony expression.
"It's not going to work~" Sang Rachel from her seat.

>"Oh yeah? And why's that, Corona?" Jack asked squatting down beside her, throwing his arm around her shoulder.
"You see this?" She stuck her hand out, "This is an Age Line. Tanbokna drew it himself"

>Jack blinked, "So?"
She scoffed, "So, a genius like Tanbokna couldn't possibly be fooled a dodge as pathetically dimwitted as an Aging Potion."

>"Ah, but that's why it's so brilliant. Because it's so pathetically dimwitted." He said, stepping up on the bleacher, yanking Herald up with him. "Ready Herald?" he started shaking up the vial he held. "ahh no Jâ€™" "Bottoms up!"
Jack pulled the lid off and downed the liquid. He jumped down into the circle, turning and giving the cockiest smirk he's ever done. "Yes!" The crowd around him whooped and hollered. He laughed and danced around the circle. He stepped close to the goblet and threw his paper in. He waited as it burned up the paper, "Yes!" He fist pumped the air. He was forced out of his moment of fame as the fire of the goblet shot out around him and flung out of the circle and slammed into the floor.

>The hall became a pot of thundering laughter as he sat up; newly white hair, longer than it had been moments earlier, accompanied by a long white beard that reached half way down his torso. He touched his face.
"Welcome back, Santa." Rachel said with as much cockiness as Jack had seconds ago. Jack looked up at him, "Glad I didn't jump in. Or I'd look like you," Herald said, crossing his arms.

>The doors reopened, everyone looked at it, Jack, forgotten. This time, a Durmstrang student entered, Nicholas Nozilevskii. The crowd around the goblet back away quickly. He placed his name into the grail, taking a full look at Jack, whom was still on the ground, feeling his beard. Jack returned his stare. A highly entertained look spread across Nicolas' face along with a perky side smirk, which faded just as fast as it had come. No one uttered a word, as he left.
"Met my idol, looking like Santa Claus." Jack groaned and flopped back down completely on the floor, defeated.

"Oh wow, cut your hair and everything, I see." Merida said, sitting atop a table with Herald and a few other students lounging on it. Jack flopped beside Rachel on the bench, "Shaved the beard, and cut the locks. It feels funny" he paused, "And it's still white." He said brushing it like he had before, parting down the middle, the short bangs lying at the sides of his face. "I think we could notice." Merida laughed.

>Herald glanced at him, "Hey at least your eyebrows are normal, yeah?" He double-taked, "Wait, your-your eyes are blue!" Jack looked confused, he touched his face, "My eyes are what?"
Herald returned the confusion, "Have they always been blue..?" Merida slid off the table so that all three of them were staring at his face now, nodding slowly. Rachel spoke, "And you're very pale. Are you okay?" She put the back of her hand to his forehead. "I feel fine." "Made quite the gamy potion, you did." Merida said. Rachel giggled, running her hand through his hair, "You need to learn how to style this so you don't look so silly." He messed with it, making it stick up at some ends

and fall right above his eyes. Rachel removed her hand, the others stared more intently. "I like it." Merida said, smiling.

>"Sit down. Please." Tanbokna asked, gently. The students complied, getting off from on top of the tables, and finding seats. Merida hopped back up to her spot on the other side of Jack.
"Now the moment you've all been waiting for: The champion selection!"

>He raised his hand, the lights beginning to fade out around the room. He touched the goblet's sides then backed away from it. It glowed red and spat out a note. Tanbokna caught it gracefully and read it aloud, "The Durmstrang champion is Nicholas Nozilevskii."
The Durmstrang boys cheered as he was congratulated by his classmates. He stood and made his way to the front of the room by Tanbokna and shook his hand.

>It grew red again, another champion. The parchment floated down and landed into his hands, "The champion for Beauxbaton's, is Colette Tatou." The French girls cheered loudly as he made her way over for the handshake. This girl had a wind chimed styled straight black hair cut and a thin stocky body.
Turning red, it gave its final contestant. "The Hogwarts champion, "Astrid Hofted" The students clapped a cheered, a lone voice, however, cried and wailed, "No no no no!" Merida looked over, "Shut it Macintosh!" Astrid shook his hand, and he patted her on the back.

>Herald stared in longing as Jack threw his arm over his shoulders, "You'll always have me." Herald groaned, "You smell like old man, though." Jack purred, "I can smell like a lot more things if you want me to."
"Excellent! We now have our three champions. But in the end, only one will go down in history. Only one will win this chalice of champions, this vessel of victory," He paused; Lusso placed a large object onto the table with a cloth over it. "The Triwizard Cup!" Tanbokna finished as Lusso unveiled a shining Goblet.

>The four looked at each other, already starting to make bets. "I put all of my money, every single cent I own on Nicolas getting it." Merida laughed, "What? All 47 cents?" Jack stuck his tongue out, "Fine. I bet all of your money on it."
"I bet Astrid is gonna win." Herald said. "Well of course you do," Jack said, "I'd be amazed if you said you weren't routing for her." Herald made a face, "That obvious?" Merida looked over Jack's shoulder, "You have beacon the size of Jack's ego." "Hey! My ego iâ€" Merida snapped her head back to the center of the room, hitting Jack in the face with her hair, he spat it out of his mouth.

>One of the professors began to step forward, Pitchiner, if properly named, "The goblet."
Tanbokna turned to face to Goblet again just as it was firing up red again. It shot out yet, another name. Tanbokna snatched it from the air and read it. Herald stood up to see over the others, "What you think it's gonnaâ€"

>Herald was interrupted by his whole name being called. "Herald Henderson Haddock III?" Everyone one in the room froze, Herald suck down behind Rachel.
A big man with a long yellow beard and rose behind Pitchiner shook his head, "No. No!"

>"Herald Henderson Haddock III!"
He was frozen to his chair. Rachel held his shoulder, "Go on, Herald." Merida looked horrified; she grasped his vest. "Herald for goodness sake." She forced him off the seat and forward. Jack didn't move, but watched him go, glowering.

>Herald staggered slowly over to Tanbokna. He was handed the burnt piece of paper. He looked down, his name written on it boldly with only the III's burned. His head shot up to look back at the Headmaster. He continued walking as the whispers began, "He's a cheat!", "He's not even 17 yet!" came some accusations from the table Astrid had come from.
He walked to Professor Pitchiner, trying to

avoid the look of delight under his deadpan. He continued walking, staring at his feet. A short woman, Professor Tatiola, put a hand on his shoulder. He looked up, into the sympathetic Asian face of the head of Hufflepuff. She nodded to him and he continued walking, passing the infuriated and petrified looks of the entire room.

**uh **

**[audible groans] **

2. Chapter 2

AN: This is where the story will start to leave the movie's plot. Yeah, wow, I had forgotten that I even posted this story months ago.

>Ive had this ready since like, spring break. Sorry.

>But anyways, the chapters were suppose to be like 10k words each, but, so I dont forget to actually, like, update, they'll steady around 5k.

>so, yeah.

He walked down the steps slowly, fiddling with his piece of paper. He saw the other champions arriving in the large, trophy-filled room, in front of the fire place. He swallowed, feeling rather sick; he jumped at the noise of the Professors and other Headmasters sprinting down the stairs.

"It's wrong, I tell you!"

"You French tart. Everything is a conspiracy theory with you!"

"Quiet! I can't think!"

And much more vulgar things mingled their way into the heated argument.

"I protest"

"Herald,"

"I protest!"

He began to back away from the infuriated crowd. His father came rushing up, clutching his arm, "Did you put your name in the Goblet of Fire?!" He was pushed into the metal awards behind him, causing a loud clatter, "N-no, sir," he stuttered.

"Did you ask one of the older students to do it for you?"

"No, no sir" His voice cracked.

"And you're absolutely sure?"

"Yes. Yes, sir."

The headmistress from the French school, Madam DisCordiles, slapped at a lantern hanging from the ceiling, "But, of course, he is

lying!"

"The hell he is!" Professor Cantai interrupted in a sweet voice, making everyone space themselves between Herald, "The Goblet of Fire is an exceptionally powerful magical object! Only an exceptionally powerful Confundus Charm could have hoodwinked it! Magic way beyond the talents of a Sixth year."

The shaggy haired Headmaster from Bulgaria, Volkvov, glared at the colorful man, "You seem to have given this a fair bit of thought, Kronns." They glared, getting into each other's faces, "It was once my job to think as dark wizards do, Volkov, perhaps you and Madam DisCordiles remember."

Tanbokna stepped between them, "This doesn't help, Cantai." He looked at the man from the Ministry, then to Stotic, gesturing to release Herald. "I leave this to you, Lusso," he said.

The man turned from everyone, trembling, deep into thought before sighing, "The rules are absolute. The Goblet of Fire constitutes a binding magical contract." He turned back to everyone, "Mr. Haddock has no choice. He is, as of tonight a Triwizard champion."

The entire group of people turned back to the boy.

Jack sat at the rocks on the shore of the Black Lake. He sat silently, pulling at the frayed strings of his homemade jumper. He heard someone's footsteps beside him. The now darker haired and skinned boy seated himself down on the flat rocks. "Hey," he nudged Jack's shoulder with his own, "fancy seeing you here." Herald said.

Jack didn't reply, he straightened out his blue hoodie. "Jack, are you alright? You still look a little pasty"

"How'd you do it." Was the greeting spat to him. Herald tilted his head. Jack scoffed, "Never mind. Doesn't matter. Might've let your best friend know, though." Jack jerked his legs up, skidding them across the rocks to stand. Herald grabbed his pant leg, "Let you know what?" Jack looked down at him, "You bloody know what."

"I didn't ask for this to happen, Jack. Okay? You're just being stupid." Jack pulled his leg away, "Yeah, that's me. Jackson Overland, Herald Henderson Haddock III's and everyone else's stupid friend." He marched away, quickly being followed and then stopped by Herald, "I don't want eternal glory, I just wanna" He paused, sternness renewing in his voice, "Look, I don't know what happened last night, and I don't know why. It just did, okay?"

Jack pivoted and treaded away from him. He shoved his hands in his pockets and looked over his shoulder, "Piss off." He continued on back to the school. Herald waited a moment before following, without, however, intent to stop him again.

With a burst of light and dust a photo had been taken of the four Triwizard Tournament champions. "What a charismatic quartet." Said a curly black haired, beautiful young woman. "Hello." She greeted them as he came forth from behind the picture taker. He shook each champion's hand, "I'm Mothra Gother, I write for the Daily Prophet. But of course you know that, don't you?" She giggled, "It's you we

don't know." She looked over them, licking her teeth, "You're the juicy news." She gently rubbed Colette's cheek, "What quirks lie beneath those rosy cheeks," She smacked them, startling the girl into something rather irritated glare, identical to the one growing on the other girl, Astrid, beside Herald. The women felt up on Nicholas' arms, "What mysteries do the muscles mask?" She skirted around to Astrid and Hiccup, twining her fingers into both of their hair, tugging on it, "Does courage lie beneath these passionate locks." Astrid shot her an intensely heated glare. She flicked off their hair from her fingers and settled with putting them around their shoulders, "In short, what makes a champion tick?" She looked around them, "'Me, Myself & I' want to know. Not to mention my rabid readers." She chuckled at her own joke, "So who's feeling up to sharing?" The group was quite, no one really wanting to be alone with the psychotic woman. "Hmm?" Still no answers, "Shall we start with the youngest?" She grabbed Herald's arm, yanking him away, "Lovely."

She flung open a wooden door and threw Herald in. She followed in and stood between him and the nearby wall, "This is cozy." She said, making Herald back into the wall behind him uncomfortably he looked around, "It's a broom cupboard." Gother rolled her eyes and caught his robe, tugging him to the window.

"Do you mind if we use a quick write quill?" It floated in front of his face, "I, uh, guess not." He answered, as more of a question.

"So tell me, Hiccup, here you sit, a mere boy of thirteen" Herald interrupted, "I just turned sixteen, and my names Herald. Sorry." "about to compete against three students not only vastly more emotionally mature than yourself, but who have mastered spells that you wouldn't attempt in your dizziest daydreams. Concerned?" Herald shook his head, cocking his head to the side, "I'm only a year younger than Astrid." He stared at the quill, as it was writing much more than anyone was saying. "Just ignore the quill." She reassured.

"Then, of course, you're no ordinary boy of fourteen, are you?" "Sixteen." "Your parents' stories are legend. Do you think it was the trauma of losing your mother that made you so keen to enter such a dangerous tournament?"

Herald shook his head, "What? No, I didn't enter." The woman gasped and looked at him, "Of course you didn't." She winked, "Everyone loves a rebel, Hiccup." She cooed, "Scratch that last." The pen scribbled on the notepad. Herald stared at her, "Again, Herald."

"Speaking of your parents, how does your father feel? Were your mother alive, how do you think they'd feel? Proud? Or concerned that your, well," she motioned to him. "You just gestured to all of me" "shows, at best a pathological need for attention, at worst, a psychotic death wish?" Herald looked form her, to her quill, "Hey! my eyes aren't 'glistening with the dread of confronting my father'"

The woman cleared her throat, shut the notepad and grabbed her quill out of the air.

Herald sat on the leaf-covered roots of the tree nearest the edge of the lake, balancing a book in his lap. A very dark skinned boy with his legs submerged in the water, gapped and awed in front of him, "Amazing! Amazing!"

"Merlin. You're doing it again." The younger boy next to Herald, Merlin's little brother, Noreiny, said, flipping open Merlin's book, "Magical Water Plants of the Highland Lochs? Since when did you get this? I don't remember mum gettin' it for you." He asked. "Cantai gave it to me." Cantai gave it to you?" Herald looked surprised. "Yeah, that day we had tea, you remember?" He raised his hand and waved it over his head.

Herald moved to look behind the tree. "It's probably just Nigel and Dorian," Noreiny said, reading into the book.

Rachel, Merida, and Jack came marching down the path of thick leaves, "It's already been through enough people," Rachel whispered to Jack. "Why don't you just go and talk to him yourself?" Merida huffed quietly, crossing her arms. "Jack, this is your problem, not ours." Merida said. Jack's frown increased. Rachel sighed once more, "What do you want me to say again?" They continued to whisper for a moment.

Herald began to shuffle back on his side of the tree. The side away from Jack. Rachel started on her way down to him. She knelt beside him, "Jackson would like me to tell you that, Charles told him, that Tulios was told by Penelope that Gobber's looking for you."

"Is that right? Well, youâ€" what?"

Rachel frowned, "Ahh.." She turned and headed back to Jack and Merida, they whispered for another moment. Rachel, along with Merida now, began to walk back to him, Merida, however, was the one to fully return to Herald, "Jack said, Tulios was told by Macintosh that," She paused, clearly had forgotten it already, "Oh who bloody cares who told who. Gobber is lookin' for ya."

Herald nodded, "Well, you can tell Jacksonâ€" "

"I'm not Angus!" She snarled, leaving him to grab Rachel's arm. She tugged her back up the trail. Jack glared at him, not uttering a word. He turned and left.

Herald groaned, looking down at his smudged up sketch. He kicked the book off his lap and left. Noreiny and Merlin shared a look, "He always like that?" Merlin shook his head, "Never."

Herald trekked through the woods, hanging closely to Gobber. "Did you bring your mother's cloak, like I asked you?" "Yeah, I brought the cloak. Gobber, where are we going?" "You'll see soon enough. Now pay attention, this is important." They walked, Herald, staring intently at the man, "What are we waiting for?"

There was a loud screech. The two stopped, listening. Then a second. They snapped their heads in the direction of the noise; only tall straight trees and dark fog lingered in the direction. They looked back and forth, waiting for something.

"Gobber?" A familiarly stern, manly voice called to them. Gobber

cocked his head and followed straight towards the call. He stopped suddenly, facing Herald, "The cloak! Put the cloak on!" He waved his arms. Herald followed, immediately throwing the cloak over his shoulders.

"Hey, Stoick!" Gobber smiled and wobbled over to the big bearded man, sharing a quick hand shake embrace. "For a moment I thought you had forgotten to come." Gobber snorted "So where are they being kept now?" "The devils are just over there."

The group of two, really three, treaded on, until the cries of man and animals were loud and ear piercing. Gobber pushed down a bush, showing huge flames of all different types shooting out from boxes.

Herald gasped, terrified.

Stoick pushed on through the bush, "Im going to get a closer look at 'em." Herald flipped the hood of the cloak off his head, "Dragons?! That's the first task? You're joking," he swallowed.

Gobber nodded, and pulled Herald down as a bolt of liquid fire shot at them. "That Nightmare is a right nasty piece of work." He said, rising above the bush that caught fire in front of them, "Poor Jack nearly fainted just seeing him, you know." Herald's brows furrowed, "Jack was here?" He nodded, "Merida's cousin, Charles' brother helped bring him over from Romania. Jack came when I offered, and Merida said she couldn't because she had detention for threatening someone with a blueberry or something. Didn't Jack tell you that?" Herald shook his head, "No, he didn't. He didn't tell me a thing." He looked back over to Gobber, "How would you like the once in a lifetime opportunity to become my new best friend," he deadpanned.

Gobber pursed his lips, "Put the hood back on, your fathers coming back." Herald did so, the bearyly man came back into view. They headed back to the castle quietly, making small talk of truly useless things. Stoick stopped the blond mustached man, "Gobber.." He rubbed his furrowed brow, what is Herald going to do. He's got no specialties about him, he can barely pass an exam, he's not strong physically or mentally, he's just," Herald's eyebrows furrowed tighter than his dad's. He tightened the cloak around himself and took off out of the forest.

Stoick sighed into his hands, "What am I going to do with him, Gobber? I just want him to be all right."

Herald hiked through the corridors, making his way outside, pushing past all the people with little buttons that held Astrid's smiling face. They spun around, whirling and turned green, showing Herald's own face turning into a puddle of goo. Everyone was wearing one, even some shouted at him, "You cheat, Haddock." "You stink, Haddock." They continued to walk passed, showing him their buttons and laughing, "Good luck, Haddock." "Haddock stinks!"

A smaller kid ran in front of him, making him drop some of his books, "Astrid rules." He stopped and picked them up, "Thanks."

He took a sharp turn into an opening, guarded by two blonde students. They showed him their buttons, "Like the badge?" They sneered. "Excuse me," Herald said, pushing passed them as they didn't

move.

He treaded to where Astrid and her followers were surrounding a bench. They all started to gape and moan into snorts and snickers, "Hey! Read the badge, Haddock!" Astrid looked at him, "Can I have a word." She raised an eyebrow and snorted, "Yeah, right." She waved him off as an insignificant, tiny, bug. The others around her hooped and hollered at his rejection.

He took a few steps back, leaving quickly, forcing the embarrassment deep into his throat.

"It's not like I try to freeze everything, exactly. It just, happens a fair bit. You have to admit, though, ice is pretty fascinating." The words of Jack came out as he and a smaller, brown haired boy sauntered down the hall. Herald sped his step to meet him at an entrance, "You're a right foul git, you know that?"

Jack frowned, "You think so?" "I know so." Jack bit his tongue, taking a slight step back, "Anything else?"

"Yeah. Stay away from me." Jack's nose scrunched, "Fine." It sounded like venom dripping from his mouth to both of them. "Come on Jamie." He said, advancing up the hall, the little boy quickly following. He huffed going the opposite direction of them.

"There's Haddock, oh wait, what did the Daily Prophet call you? Hiccup? Sounds about right."

Oh great. Them.

"Why so tense, Hiccup?" Bruce said, leaning against a tree, "My father and I have a bet, you see. I don't think you're gonna last five minutes in this tournament." Ankorra and Chumlee jumped from the tree above him. "He disagrees. He thinks you won't even be able to make it in." The three chuckled in sync.

"I don't give a damn what your father thinks, Bruce." "Right you just care what your father thinks, but you know you're just so scrawny and cowardly, you'll never get his recognition, from how many fuck ups you have daily." Herald frowned, "Your father, he's vile and cruel. And you're just pathetic." He said and went his own way.

"Pathetic?" Bruce snarled and drew his wand. "Oh, no, you don't, sonny~!" A white shot sent from Cantai's wand, hitting Bruce, spinning him around to the ground. "I'll teach you what happens when you curse someone with their back turned!"

A fat black guinea pig resided in the spot he stood in. It reeted and squeaked at those around him. It began to float up and down in the air, following his wand movements, "You stinking, cowardly, scummy back-shooting!"

"Professor Cantai!" The ringing voice of Professor Singh came rushing over to them, "What are you doing?!" "Teaching." He answered without a blink, face turning darker. "Is that aâ€"?" "Is that a student?!" She sputtered.

"Technically, it's a guinea pig." He reached beside him, clutching

Ankorra's pant waist and dropping Bruce, the ugly pig, into his pants. Chumlee held his shoulders, "Stand still, stand still!" He reached his hand in, jerking it back out quickly and held his hand.

Professor Cantai turned glanced at Herald and winked, brightness returning. The furry animal finally exited out his pant leg. The colorful Hufflepuff leader flicked her wand at him, returning him to his human form. Bruce looked around frantically, seeing the whimsical Professor next to him he jumped, "My father will hear about this!"

Cantai looked at him, "Is that a threat?" He took a step closer, making the three hustle off.

"Professor Cantai!"

"Is that a threat!?"

"Kronns! Kronns."

"Don't think it ends here!"

"Kronns. We never use transfiguration as a punishment! Surely Tanbokna told you that." Her wand was pointed at his nose.

"He might've mentioned it." He confessed.

"Well, you will do well to remember it!" She shooed the gathering students, "Back to your studies!"

Cantai made a face behind her back, "You. Come with me." He demanded to Herald.

Herald came in cautiously, looking around the light tan, pinkish room. The floor was checkered and there was a lush fuchsia rug that led to a chair, in which Cantai eased down in. He pushed an old pair of goggles and gloves off the desk, "These are from my old days, before I was an Auror, I was a racer" Herald nodded, "Were you good?"

"Of course I was. I was the best of my time." He leaned in, "I bet you, if I entered into one right now, I'd still be the best."

"Why don't you, then?"

Cantai shook his head, grinning.

He pulled a belt from his desk and unrolled it, pulling out a few things. "Enough about me, what are you going to do about your dragon?"

Herald's spit caught in his throat, "Oh, uh, well, you know, I just thought I'dâ€¦" He swallowed the lump. Cantai kicked out a footstool, "Sit." He commanded gently. Herald complied and sat, setting his books on the floor next to him. "Listen to me, Haddock. Your pal, Hofted, by age 12, she had already learned how to conquer everything and hang it up on her walls for show. Miss Tatou: she's as much a fairy princess as I am." Herald raised an eyebrow, keeping a snort deep in his stomach. "As for Nozilevskii, his head may be filled with

toys for four-year-olds, but Volkov's is not. They'll have a strategy. And you can bet that it will play to Nozilevskii's strengths." They sat in silence for a moment, "Come on, Haddock. What are your strengths?"

Herald shook his head, "I don't know. Nothing really, or so I'm told." Cantai made a face, "Everyone is good at one thing, at least." Herald pondered for a moment, "Well, I'm fair at transfiguration, but Iâ€™" "Better than fair, the way I heard Tatiola brag about it." "But what would I change into?" Cantai leaned close, "Anything to fight."

The day of the first task arrived. Tulios and Migol held a box each, "Bets taken! Bets taken here!" They mingled with the people in the stands, taking, well, coning money from people to place their bets on the champions. "Step up, folks! Who fancies a flutter in today's bloodbath?" "Smart money's on Nozilevskii to survive! Any bets?" They were yelling at the people over the cheering of fans. A big girl with brown messy hair stopped them. "Ten-to-1 for Hiccapped Herald." They exchanged money and tickets, "There you go. Thank you very much."

"Your attention, please," Tanbokna called out to the crowd, "This is a great day for all of us." A mighty roar ripped through the air, the roar of dragons, along with gasps and awes from the cheering spectators. "Each of the three tasks involves very considerable danger. Please keep in your seat at all times"

Rachel leaned against the champion's tent's fabric, "Psst. Psst."

"This will minimize any risks you may be exposed to."

"Herald? Is that you?"

"Yeah."

"How are you feeling? Okay?" There was a pause, a new voice spoke, Merida.

"The key is to concentrate. After that, you just have â€"

"Battle a dragon," Herald finished. There was a whimper and a fling of the tent's fabric. Rachel threw her arms around Herald tightly; there was a loud snap, followed by a bright light and dust. The two drew apart immediately, glaring heavily at the woman entering. "Young love~! Howâ€™!" Gother clasped her hands, "mmm. Stirring." She nodded, apparently liking the word she picked. Merida was left standing at the back opening of the tent. "If everything goes unfortunately today, you all may even make the front page. There was a giggle from the woman as Jack peeked his head into the tent.

"You have no business here." She stopped; the quill and pad squirmed in the air, and then continued to write. Nickolas continued to speak, "This tent is for champions," He paused and looked over the three spontaneous arrivals, stopping on Jack, "And friends."

The woman looked back and forth at everyone, rolled her shoulder and smiled, "No matter. We've got what we wanted." She traced his cheek with the feather. Rachel took Herald's arm.

Jack pulled Merida away from the tent as more people began to enter.

"Good day, champions. Gather round, please. Now, you've waited, you've wondered, and at last the moment has arrived. A moment only four of you can fully appreciate." The headmaster bumped against Rachel, he double taked, "What are you doing here, Miss Corona?"

"Oh, um, Sorry, I'll just go." He forced herself away from Herald and the tent.

"Lusso, the bag." He stepped back for Lusso to talk, "Champions in a circle around me." He began to pull them around, "Miss Tatou, over here. Mr. Nozilevskii..." He nudged Astrid closer to the Durmstrang champion, "And, Haddockâ€¦ Mr. Haddock, over here. That's right. Now. Miss Tatou, If you will." She stuck her hand into the hissing, steaming bag. She pulled out a green, bug-like creature with small wings and rough, leathery skin over it. It was like a ten pound weight in her hand, "The Welsh Gronckle." She looked up at her tall headmistress. "Mr. Nozilevskii" He pulled out a two headed monster with ridges running over it, and large, smooth wings. It was seeping gas out of one of its mouth, "The Hideous Chinese Zippleback," Lusso cooed at it. "Miss Hofted." She pulled out a sharp beast with spikes sticking out of it, everywhere. It had a big head and bird-like eyes, "The Deadly Swedish Nadder." Lusso grinned at her, "That leaves."

"The Nightmare," Herald groaned into a whisper.

"What's that, boy?" Herald shook his head, "Nothing." He stuck his hand in, winced, a burn stinging his hand. He pulled out a purple spotted orange fiend with huge claws and fire beginning to burn up over its wings. It had a long muzzle and eyes "The Norwegian Monstrous Nightmare."

"These represent four very real dragons. Each of which has been given a golden egg to protect. Your objective is simple. Collect the egg. This you must do for each egg contains a clue without which you cannot hope to proceed to the next task. Any questions?"

The group was speechless, "Very well. Good luck, champions. Miss Hofted, at the sound of the cannon, you mayâ€¦" The cannon shot, causing the whole tent to shift. Everyone ducked quickly. Tanbokna pointed to the entrance to the crying arena.

"Astrid! Astrid! Astrid!"

After a good while, only Herald remained.

"Three of our champions have now faced their dragons and so each one of them will proceed to the next task. And now our fourth and final contestant."

"Haddock! Haddock! Haddock!" A smaller part of the crowd was chanting.

Herald stepped to the entrance, seeing the large rocks that lined the arena. The chanting halted, it was noiseless for moments. He looked

about for the dragon, in turn, spotting the egg. Without sight of the dragon he began towards it. A tail swung down in front of him. The crowd cringed, and he ducked quickly tumbling down the rocks, hitting one to come to a stop. It spat fluid fire at him as he sprinted across the ground. He jumped for a higher up ledge, almost missing it completely. He scrambled up the side of it, the dragon lighting a patch of fire before him. He let go of the rock quickly, slipping down yet another.

He finally got to his feet, getting under the cover of a rock just as it caught fire from the opposite side. He glanced around the left side of it; the dragon snuck to the right side. It swept the rock away with its tail, trapping Herald underneath his claws.

"YOUR WAND HERALD, YOUR WAND!" There were screams from the crowd.

He waved his wand, the air spun around him and the roaring monster. The crowd silenced when both of the moving objects began to change shape. There was a rattle, snapping of clinking metal, and hard wood. Then a deafening howl stabbed the silence. The dragon was filling the entire stadium now, crushing the wooden stands. It screeched into the air, the onlookers were frozen in place, beginning to scramble against each other to flee from the splintering bleachers.

The monster was enormous. The teeth were taller than a human and the body tripled that but by skyscrapers. Its tail was a 450 pound wrecking ball that swung back and forth, hitting the now absconding pedestrians. The onlookers fled, scrambling around each other with frightened pushes. Some however stayed, dodging the tail, screaming at the arena. "HERALD!?" Most of them screamed desperately looking for their friend.

The noise attracted the attention of the beast. It sucked in the tight hair, forcing bodies to fly up to it. Three of them, white, blonde, and red hair were flung upwards along with the bodies attached to them. They struggled for a hold on anything to keep them to the broken wood. Rachel flew fastest into the air, Merida snatched at her hair, barley grabbing a small handful. They both were suctioned closer and closer into the jagged teeth.

>A cloth wrapped around the gingers arm, connecting her to the stands that were beginning to rip from the ground. They screamed into the wind.<p>

An even more piercing screech tore into the air. A black figure sped through the air, releasing a blazing purple shot at the jaw of the dragon. It was gone again in a flash. The girls fell to the ground, forgotten as the dragon was knocked just to the side of them in another burst of flaming light.

Large, obscene wings snapped open, snapping the middle of the taller towers like straws. The dragon flapped them, lifting itself into the air steadily. It followed the small black dragon into the smog covering the school grounds. The animal was hot on his trail, he zig-zagged in and out of the stone towers, causing it to scrape a few of the roofs, it unscathed. The black dragon shot into the thick clouds above, dodging rounds of mushroom cloud fire. They both rose, the monstrous nightmare of a dragon hovered, looking for the smaller one. A screech burst of light to the wing. Another and another and another. The sky exploded into lightning bursts of colored light. A fiery _red death_ heading straight for one of the two.

The giant fired at random into the air, catching the tips of the tail fin of the smaller dragon. It darted straight for the bigger's mouth, getting chomped and chased higher into the atmosphere. The larger's six eyes narrowed and opened his mouth, gnarly green gas. The smaller twisted back, shooting his fire straight into the gas, causing a massive explosion inside the other's throat. It bit at the fire, unaware of its being headed straight for the stoned bridge. The black dragon shot out just as it was less than a centimeter from the bricks.

The giant collided into the bridge, sending it into a mass of bubbling flames, catching the smaller into the blanket of fire.

It flew back into the ring, shakily, the tips of its tail fin sizzling. What was left of the crowd exploded into cheers. It tumbled into the egg, cradling it as he shifted into a battered human.

Herald lifted the golden egg into the air, showing it off to his newly acquired fans. A big guy, Inger, hoisted him up onto his shoulder; he tossed the egg into the crowd. "Yes, Herald! Knew you wouldn't die. Lose an arm or a leg."

Herald smiled as the egg reached back to him. It reached Merida, "Shush!" She put it in front of Rachel's face, who pecked the side of it gently. "Go on!" Merida said, giving it back to Herald, "What's the clue?"

Herald raised it again, "Who wants me to open it?" The entire group roared with yeses. "Do you want me to open it?" They cheered again, louder. He twisted the top, unleashing a piercing screech that ripped through the room. Inger dropped him, as he contracted, just like the others, to cover his ears in pain. Herald snapped it shut quickly.

"What the bloody hell was that?" Jack stood there, fiddling with a broken yellow painted noise maker. Merida looked about the room of interhouse kids, though most Hufflepuffs, shooting a glare at the Slytherin boy, "Okay guys, go back to your speed knitting."

Rachel jabbed her arm. Merida rubbed her abused limb, pushing the others away from the two that still glared at each other. He scanned the crowd's faces of raw rejection. Herald was soaking it all up. All the attention that Jack wanted. No, needed.

He was jealous.

"No, they can stay. I was just leaving." He forced the words through his teeth, more unaccepting looks focused on him. He locked eyes with each person as they turned their backs and continued to talk to one another, like he wasn't there, and never had been. Jack pulled his hood up and shoved his arms into the pocket, leaving.

"Jack.." Rachel whispered to herself.

Herald's brow furrowed, he rubbed at the dried blood on his cheek.

End
file.